A POWER COMIC

POWER-PACKED ACTION AND LAUGHS!

POW! and WHAM!

No. 81
AUGUST 3rd 1968
EVERY MONDAY 7d.

AUSTRALIA 10c. EAST AFRICA 1.00 WEST AFRICA 10d. SOUTH AFRICA 10c. RHODESIA 1/- NEW ZEALAND 1/- (10c.)

THE PICTURE OF PERIL!

YOUR POW! SHORT STORY

AMONG THE STAFF-MEN OF THE "SUPER COMICS" GROUP, MARSHALL DYMENT WAS REGARDED AS AN UP-AND-COMING YOUNG GENIUS IN THE THRILLER STRIP-STORY FIELD...

THAT'S GREAT, MARSH! IS THAT EL GRIPPO, THE NEW CHARACTER IN THE CAPTAIN WONDERFUL STORY?

HUH! JUST A SHADOW FIGURE, DICK. THERE'S NO FLESH AND BLOOD IN THAT PICTURE, IT—IT'S JUST NOT REAL ENOUGH!

BUT ONE DAY I'LL DO IT... ONE DAY MY PEN WILL CREATE A CHARACTER WHICH WILL LIVE... BREATHE... REALLY EXIST!

A LIVING CREATURE OF INK? HEY, TAKE IT EASY, MARSH! A FELLER CAN GO CRAZY THINKING THAT WAY!

MR DYMENT! THE EDITOR WANTS TO SEE YOU IN HIS OFFICE!

HIS MASTER'S VOICE, MARSH. GET MOVING, BOY!

EDITOR ADAM CARLSON IS THE IRON HAND WHO RULES THE SENSATIONAL "SUPER COMICS" EMPIRE...

TAKE A SEAT, MARSHALL. THE NEXT CAPTAIN WONDERFUL STORY HAS GOT TO HAVE AN ORIENTAL BACKGROUND. I WANT YOU TO TAKE A TRIP TO THE EAST. FIND OUT WHAT MAKES THE PLACE TICK... PEOPLE... CITIES... CUSTOMS. THE NEW SERIES MUST BE REALLY TRUE TO LIFE!

THE ORIENT!... THE STRANGE BELIEFS, WEIRD SUPERSTITIONS, MYSTIC POWERS. MAYBE THAT IS WHERE I WILL FIND INSPIRATION... THE CHANCE I HAVE WAITED FOR TO CREATE SOMETHING NOT ONLY TRUE TO LIFE... BUT TRULY LIVING!

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AND SO DYMENT TRAVELLED TO HIS MEETING WITH DESTINY...

... AND, A MONTH LATER, THE CRUISE-SHIP "PALONARA" ARRIVED AT BUSTLING KEDASSI. HARBOUR.

BUT BY THIS TIME, THE "PALONARA" HAD CALLED AT SEVERAL EASTERN PORTS, AND MARSHALL WAS BEGINNING TO FIND THE TEEMING LIFE OF AN ORIENTAL WATERFRONT TOWN ALMOST FAMILIAR...

THE FUTURE FORETOLD

STRANGE... HOW EVERY EASTERN TOWN HAS THIS KIND OF... SINISTER QUALITY. IT'S AS IF SOME DARK FORCES ARE WATCHING OVER IT...

SWAMI KRISHNARA, THE WORLD'S GREATEST PREDICTOR OF THE FUTURE. FORTUNES FORETOLD. AMAZING POWERS REVEALED.

A FORTUNE-TELLER... I WONDER IF MEN LIKE THIS REALLY HAVE THE KNOWLEDGE THEY PRETEND IS THEIRS!

MOMENTS LATER, MARSHALL DYMENT WAS IN THE FORTUNE-TELLER'S BOOTH.

I SEE FROM THE BLACK-WATER-THAT-MAKES-ALL-THINGS-CLEAR THAT YOU ARE ONE WHO HAS THE SKILL TO DEPICT HIS FELLOW MEN... AN ARTIST, YES? YOU SHOULD HAVE MUCH SUCCESS IN THIS PROFESSION, SAHIB...

... BUT I COULD GIVE YOU POWER, MUCH POWER... THE STRENGTH TO ACCOMPLISH YOUR MOST SECRET AMBITION...

POWER, SWAMI? HOW CAN YOU GIVE ME POWER?

THE INDIAN'S EYES FLAMED WITH ANGER AT THE SNEER...

... I AM NO CHEAT, MY DISBELIEVING FRIEND. I WILL TELL YOU WHAT IS YOUR AMBITION, YOUR SECRET DREAM... IT IS TO CREATE WITH YOUR PEN A BEING WHO LIVES, BREATHES, JUST AS IF IT WERE MADE OF FLESH AND BLOOD. DO I SPEAK THE TRUTH?

SURE YOU DO, SWAMI! IF YOU CAN GIVE ME THAT POWER, I WILL PAY YOU ANYTHING YOU ASK... ANYTHING AT ALL!

AS HE GAZES INTO THE BLACK POOL IN THE CENTRE OF THE TABLE, DYMENT FINDS HIMSELF DRIFTING INTO A TRANCE...

LOOK LONG... LOOK DEEP... AND, IN THE DARK WATERS OF THE BOWL BEFORE US, YOU WILL FIND THE POWER FOR WHICH YOU SEARCH...

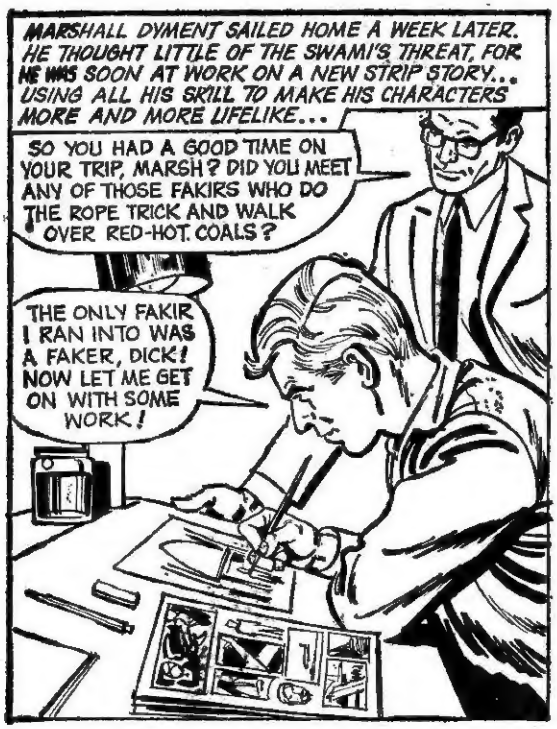
... A DARK MIST SEEMED TO CLOUD DYMENT'S MIND... AND THROUGH IT HE SAW A PAIR OF PIERCING EYES... BURNING ORBS THAT SEARCHED INTO HIS VERY SOUL!

THEN, SUDDENLY, HE CAME BACK TO CONSCIOUSNESS

AAAAGH!

WHAT SORT OF KID'S GAME HAVE YOU GOT ME PLAYING, YOU PHONEY? YOU HAVEN'T GIVEN ME ANY MYSTIC POWER... AND THAT BEGGING BOWL'S JUST FULL OF BLACK INK! YOU'RE A CON-MAN, SWAMI!

YOU HAVE THE POWER YOU DESIRE, SAHIB... THE POWER TO CREATE A LIVING DRAWING! BUT YOU WILL SOON LIVE TO REGRET IT!


MARSHALL DYMENT SAILED HOME A WEEK LATER. HE THOUGHT LITTLE OF THE SWAMI'S THREAT, FOR HE WAS SOON AT WORK ON A NEW STRIP STORY... USING ALL HIS SKILL TO MAKE HIS CHARACTERS MORE AND MORE LIFELIKE...
SO YOU HAD A GOOD TIME ON YOUR TRIP, MARSH? DID YOU MEET ANY OF THOSE FAKIRS WHO DO THE ROPE TRICK AND WALK OVER RED-HOT COALS?
THE ONLY FAKIR I RAN INTO WAS A FAKER, DICK! NOW LET ME GET ON WITH SOME WORK!

BUT, FOR ALL THAT, THE TRIP SEEMED TO HAVE DONE DYMENT GOOD... THE CHARACTERS HE DREW BECAME MORE VIVID EVERY DAY...
GOOD WORK, MARSH BOY! YOUR STUDIES FOR THE VILLAIN CALLED THE CREEPER ARE REAL DOOZIES! THAT TRIP SURE SEEMS TO HAVE GIVEN YOU INSPIRATION!
THE CREEPER'S NOT RIGHT YET, MR CARLSON. I'M GOING TO WORK ON THESE SKETCHES SOME MORE TONIGHT...

SO, AS THE REST OF THE "SUPER COMICS" STAFF WERE LEAVING THAT EVENING...
QUIT SLAVING OVER THAT HOT DRAWING BOARD, MARSH. IT'S TIME TO GO, MAN, GO!
GOOD LUCK, SON— SEE YOU IN THE MORNING.
UH? OH... I'M STAYING ON A WHILE, DICK. I WANT TO PUT THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO A NEW CHARACTER I'M DOING FOR THE CAPTAIN WONDERFUL STORY...

THE LIGHT IN MARSHALL'S STUDIO BURNED LATE INTO THE NIGHT...
NO... NO... IT'S STILL NOT RIGHT... IT NEEDS MORE LIFE... MORE VITALITY!

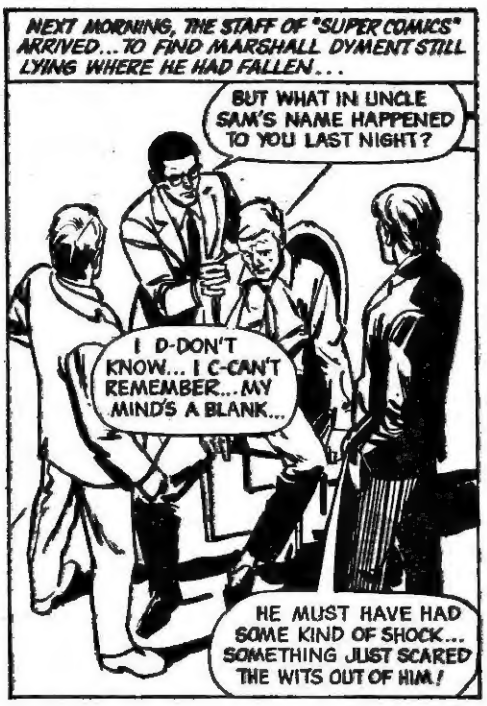
BUT, AT LONG LAST, THE CHARACTER BEGAN TO TAKE SHAPE AS MARSHALL HAD INTENDED...
AH... THAT'S MORE LIKE IT... DEEPER SHADOW... HERE...

THE NEARBY CHURCH BELL BOOMED OUT THE STROKES OF MIDNIGHT... AND STILL PEN GRATED HARSHLY ACROSS BOARD...

SO OBSESSED WAS MARSHALL DYMENT WITH HIS WORK, THAT HE DID NOT REALISE JUST HOW LIFELIKE HIS CHARACTER WAS BECOMING...

... UNTIL HE DISCOVERED TO HIS HORROR THAT THE CREEPER WAS NO LONGER JUST ON HIS DRAWING BOARD... BUT WITH HIM IN THE ROOM!
NO! GO BACK! YOU CAN'T BE LIVING! YOU CAN'T BE!

SLOWLY... DELIBERATELY... THE BLACK FIGURE STALKED TOWARDS ITS CREATOR...
AAAGH! THEN IT WAS TRUE... THE SWAMI WAS RIGHT... I BROUGHT THIS MONSTER TO LIFE...



Help brighten our day, frantic ones, and send us a letter to: Pow-Wow, 64 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. And . . . . . wait for it! If your letter is printed you win a genuine Spider-Man T-Shirt!

Dear Alf and Bart,

I have been buying Power comics before there were any Power comics—that is, Wham and Smash before they started having the Fantastic Four and the Hulk—and I have now got a fabulous collection, to date, of 498 Power comics. Apart from having the set of every single Power comic ever issued, I have also got every single Power annual ever issued, and also the Fantastic Summer Special. In case anybody should doubt that I have such a collection it is open to inspection by anybody, at any time. I am extremely proud of this collection because it has taken me four years to build it up to its present pinnacle of magnificence.

Alan Cadwallender,
Stockport, Cheshire.

Well, quite a few readers have been writing in contesting the last record (Andrew Munro's 460, see Pow 80) but obviously nobody can beat your collection, Allan—congratulations! And we mean it! From now on, we designate you Alan Cadwallender, P.P.P. (Peerless Protagonist of Powerphilia). And may your stockpile never decrease!

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

The record for the biggest collection of Power comics may be mine because I have all the power comics ever produced by the great masterminds at the garret except Wham 63 (if you ask the backishes dept. boys you will find I ordered quite a few comics—and got them all except Wham 63: my thanks to the back-ishes boys!). I also have all the 1968 Power annuals, the 1967 Smash Annual and (by the time this reaches you) the Fantastic Summer Special.

I have a question: can you get back numbers of annuals? And please don't call other comics brand X—in my philosophy all comics are great, but some are greater than others—the greatest of all being Power comics!

T. T. Booth,
Derby.

We're with you there, tiger! Thanks for writing to tell us about your collection—and we'd like to say thanks a lot to all readers who did the same! Wish we could print all your letters but it just isn't possible! And in answer to the query about back numbers of annuals, there are some available; write in asking for what you want, sending money, to Back Numbers Dept., 8/9 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. If they haven't got what you want they'll send your money back.

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

Must write and tell you that the Cloak v. the Leprachaun looks like being the finest piece of literature ever written. Also liked the big colour pic of the Cloak, etc., on the front of ish 75. I have just taken my Finals at Oxford University and I thought you might like to know that Pow/Wham is the only thing that has kept me from going completely insane during the past few weeks. Turn to page 16 and keep it up!

Gibbering Dick Charles,
Bridgwater, Somerset.

Relax, Dick, the worst is over! The exams are past, summer's here and you can just lie around in your swingin' Spidey T-shirt and read our literary publications to your heart's content—until you have to start work, that is!

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

I think the Pow short stories are great. I like the kind with ghosts in. Last Chance, Killer Race, and There Were Five Frightened Men were the best stories you have had in Pow.

Paul Brennan,
Leeds, Yorks.

Must admit, we like the spooky stories ourselves, Paul! Some people think they're too scary for a comic, but even a ghost can be a goodie—like in the Killer Race story!

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

I wish to congratulate you on your short story, The Frontiersmen. I thought it was great! It was the best short story Pow has ever had. Could you please have The Braves in a weekly story?

Paul Hellier,
Tiverton, Devon.

It was a good story, wasn't it? But as for turning it into a series, to repeat a brilliant flight of fancy like that week after week would take the originality and surprise element right out of it!

Alf and Bart

DON'T FORGET THE COUPON!

MY TWO FAVOURITE FEATURES IN 'POW' ARE:

1st Favourite.....

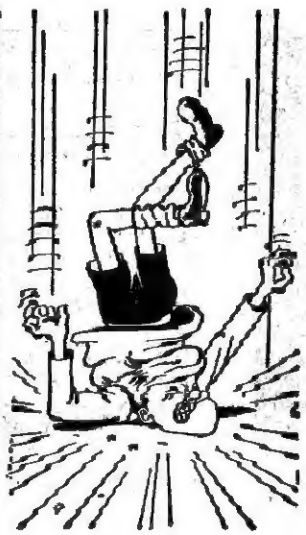
.....

2nd Favourite.....

.....

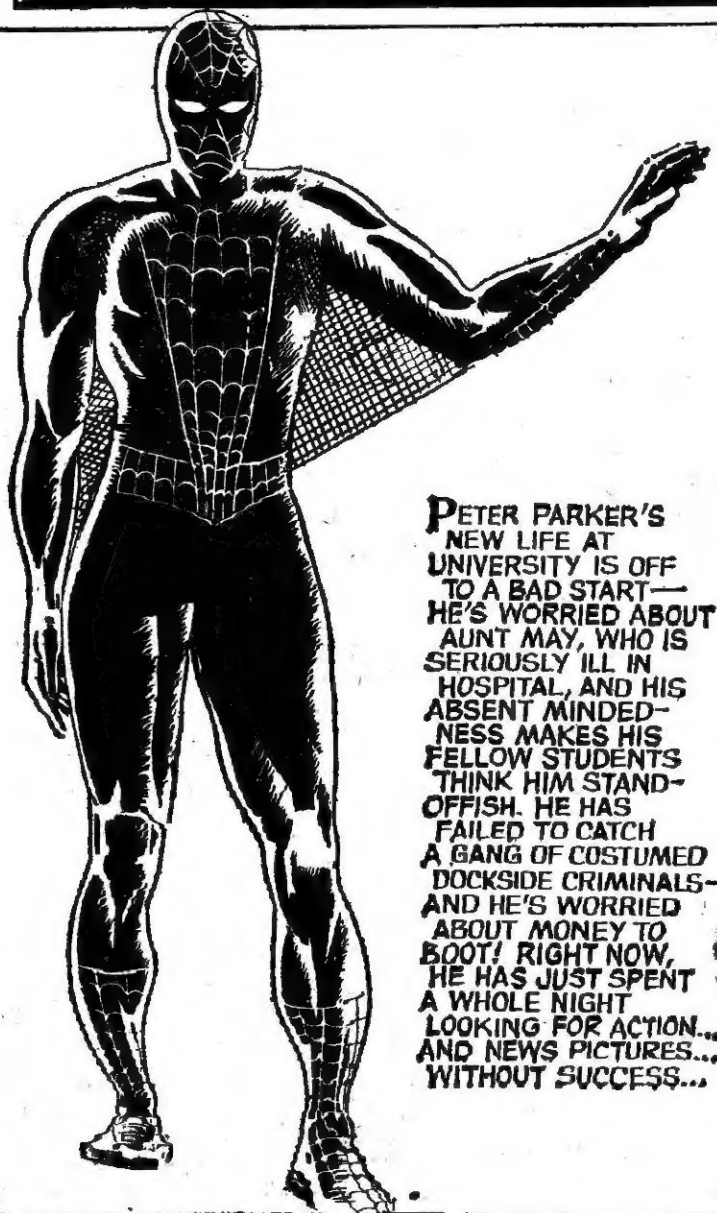
MY AGE IS.....DATE.....

DARE -A- DAY DAVY



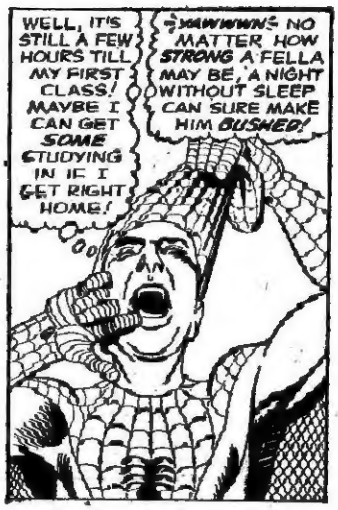
The AMAZING SPIDER-MAN!

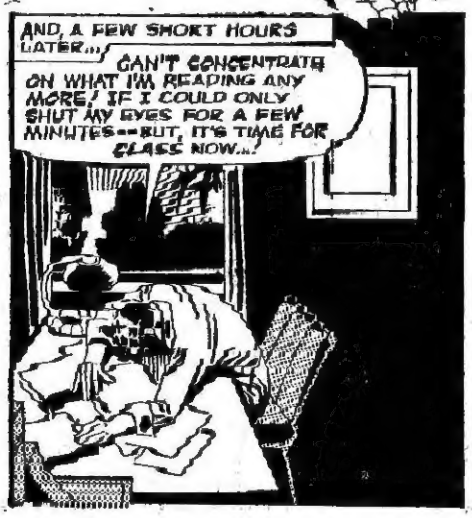
"IF THIS BE MY DESTINY...!"



PETER PARKER'S NEW LIFE AT UNIVERSITY IS OFF TO A BAD START— HE'S WORRIED ABOUT AUNT MAY, WHO IS SERIOUSLY ILL IN HOSPITAL, AND HIS ABSENT MINDEDNESS MAKES HIS FELLOW STUDENTS THINK HIM STAND-OFFISH. HE HAS FAILED TO CATCH A GANG OF COSTUMED DOCKSIDE CRIMINALS— AND HE'S WORRIED ABOUT MONEY TO BOOT! RIGHT NOW, HE HAS JUST SPENT A WHOLE NIGHT LOOKING FOR ACTION... AND NEWS PICTURES... WITHOUT SUCCESS...

Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1965





BUT NOW, LET'S CHANGE OUR SCENE BRIEFLY, AS WE PAY A VISIT TO THAT DEMON NEWSPAPERMAN, J. JONAH JAMESON, PUBLISHER OF THE FAMOUS DAILY BUGLE...
NEWS! I WANT NEWS! SOMETHING MUST BE HAPPENING SOMEWHERE!
I CAN'T SELL A NEWSPAPER WITHOUT NEWS? WHY DOESN'T SOMETHING HAPPEN???!

FOSWELL! YOU'RE ONE OF MY TOP REPORTERS! WHAT AM I PAYING YOU FOR?
SORRY, MR. JAMESON! I ONLY REPORT THE NEWS--I CAN'T MANUFACTURE IT!
DON'T GET CLEVER WITH ME! CLEVER PEOPLE MAKE ME NERVOUS! JUST BRING ME A STORY!

WHAT ABOUT THOSE ROBBERIES OF ALL THAT SCIENTIFIC EQUIPMENT? THERE OUGHT TO BE A STORY THERE SOMEWHERE! GO FIND IT!
I'M ON MY WAY!
HE MAY BE RIGHT! IT'S TIME FOR "PATCH", MY DISGUISE; TO MAKE THE SCENE AGAIN!

MISS BRANT, WHAT ABOUT THAT WEAK-KNEED BOY FRIEND OF YOURS? WHY HASN'T HE BROUGHT ME ANY NEWS PHOTOS LATELY?
I HAVEN'T SEEN MUCH OF PETER PARKER MYSELF LATELY, MR. JAMESON!
HE MUST BE BUSY WITH HIS STUDIES SINCE SCHOOL STARTED!

WELL, LEAVE A MESSAGE THAT I CALLED HIM! TELL HIM NOT TO FORGET ABOUT THE KINDLY OLD NEWSPAPER PUBLISHER WHO'S DONE SO MUCH FOR HIM IN THE PAST!
I'LL DO THAT, SIR!
YOU OLD HYPOCRITE!

THAT'S STRANGE! THERE'S NO ANSWER AT PETER'S HOUSE! HIS AUNT IS USUALLY HOME AT THIS TIME!
OH, HELLO, NED!
I'VE BEEN WANTING TO TALK TO YOU, BETTY!

DO YOU HAVE AN ANSWER FOR ME YET?
I'M SORRY NED! I SIMPLY HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO MAKE UP MY MIND!
AND I MUST BE FAIR TO PETER! I HAVE TO SPEAK TO HIM FIRST!
SURE, BETTY! I UNDERSTAND!

I JUST WANTED YOU TO KNOW THAT I HAVEN'T CHANGED MY MIND! I STILL FEEL THE SAME WAY ABOUT YOU--AND I'LL KEEP ASKING--UNTIL YOU SAY YES!
I'LL GIVE YOU YOUR ANSWER JUST AS SOON AS I LEARN SOMETHING--I PROMISE!

LEARN SOMETHING? YOU SOUND VERY MYSTERIOUS, BETTY!
I KNOW PETER IS KEEPING SOME SECRET FROM ME! I JUST MUST FIND OUT WHAT IT IS!

AND WHAT OF THE MAN CALLED PATCH? WE FIND HIM FREQUENTING THE USUAL UNDERWORLD HAUNTS, WHERE HIS IS A FAMILIAR FACE...
THINGS ARE QUIET--TOO QUIET! IT GIVES ME THE FEELING OF THE LULL--BEFORE A STORM!

BUT THEN, THE ALERT INFORMER CATCHES A SNATCH OF CONVERSATION THAT GIVES HIM PAUSE...
THAT'S RIGHT! WE'RE LOADING A CARGO OF NUCLEAR DEVICES AT PIER 6 TONIGHT!
NOTHING, SAILOR--I WAS JUST CURIOUS!
WHAT'S IT TO YOU, MATE?

THAT CHARACTER TALKING TO THE SEAMAN IS FOXY BRIGGS! HE'S ONLY CURIOUS ABOUT ONE THING --ROBBERY!
THIS MAY BE THE LEAD I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR!

THUS, WHEN FOXY BRIGGS LEAVES THE WATERFRONT BAR, A SHABBY-LOOKING MAN WITH AN EYE PATCH FOLLOWS AFTER HIM...

I BETTER NOT STAY TOO CLOSE TO HIM! I DON'T WANT HIM GETTING SUSPICIOUS!

BUT, WHEN "PATCH" TURNS A CORNER...

I LOST HIM! THAT'S WHAT I GET FOR BEING TOO CAUTIOUS!

NOW WHAT DO I DO? I CAN'T TELL THE POLICE WHAT I LEARNED-- I HAVEN'T ENOUGH EVIDENCE!

AND, IF I EVER GIVE THEM A BUM STEER, THEY WON'T BE SO TRUSTING OF ME IN THE FUTURE!

HONEST TO GOSH-- WE DIDN'T FORGET ABOUT SPIDER-MAN! YOU'LL SEE HIM REAL SOON-- WE PROMISE! BUT FIRST, LET'S RETURN TO THE UNIVERSITY JUST ONCE MORE--

PETER PARKER IS THE ONLY BOY I'VE MET WHO HASN'T GIVEN ME A TUMBLE!

AND THAT'S A CHALLENGE NO GIRL CAN RESIST!

HE'S LEAVING THE LAB NOW! THIS IS MY CHANCE TO GET TO KNOW HIM BETTER!

IF I GET TO THE HOSPITAL EARLIER, I'LL BE ABLE TO STAY LONGER WITH AUNT MAY!

HEL-LO THERE, PETER! I'M GLAD I BUMPED INTO YOU! DO YOU HAVE A MINUTE--?

I'M AWFULLY SORRY! YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE ME! I'M IN A REAL BIG HURRY! CAN'T STOP NOW!

WHY--THE UNMITIGATED NERVE OF HIM!

NOBODY GIVES GWEN STACY THE BRUSH-OFF THAT WAY!

YOU, YOUNG MAN, ARE GOING TO REGRET THAT--I PROMISE!

AND, AT THE HOSPITAL ONCE AGAIN...

ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE GETTING ENOUGH REST, PETER DEAR? YOU LOOK RATHER TIRED TO ME!

OF COURSE I AM! YOU JUST WORRY ABOUT YOURSELF, AUNT MAY!

WE WANT YOU UP AND ABOUT REAL SOON, DON'T WE?

OH, I'M GETTING ALONG FINE! JUST FINE!

NO, PETER, THE TESTS AREN'T ALL COMPLETED YET! BUT, WE'RE NARROWING THEM DOWN! WE SHOULD KNOW WHAT WE HAVE TO VERY SOON NOW!

SOMEHOW I-I'M ALMOST AFRAID TO HEAR THE FINAL VERDICT!

WELL, I'LL BE LEAVING NOW, DOCTOR...

THUS, ONCE AGAIN-- JUST AS WE PROMISED-- THE AMAZING FIGURE OF SPIDER-MAN SWINGS OVER THE CITY, GRIMMER, MORE SERIOUS, MORE CONCERNED, THAN EVER BEFORE...!

I JUST HAVE TO TAKE SOME NEWS PHOTOS THIS TIME! I CAN'T AFFORD TO FAIL! OUR CASH IS ALMOST ALL GONE!

AND, THEN, JUST WHEN HE LEAST EXPECTS IT, SPIDEY SEES...

A FLASHING LIGHT DOWN BELOW!

LOOKS AS THOUGH SOMEONE'S TRYING TO SIGNAL ME!

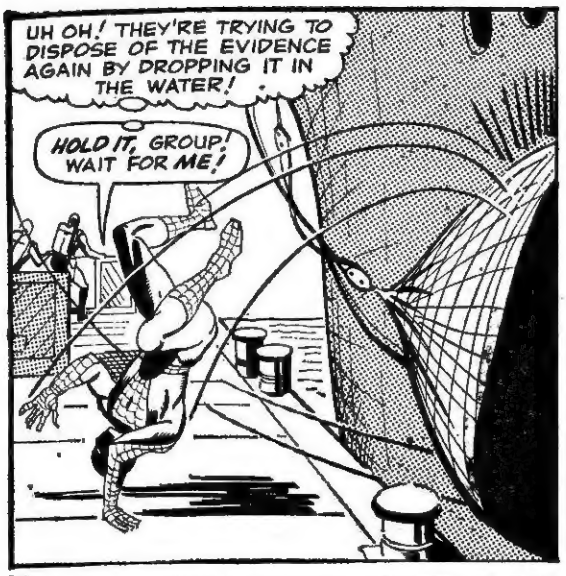
MIGHT BE A TRAP-- BUT I CAN'T AFFORD TO IGNORE IT!

IT'S ODD-- HE STANDS THERE AS CALMLY AS IF HE KNOWS ME! I WONDER WHO HE IS?

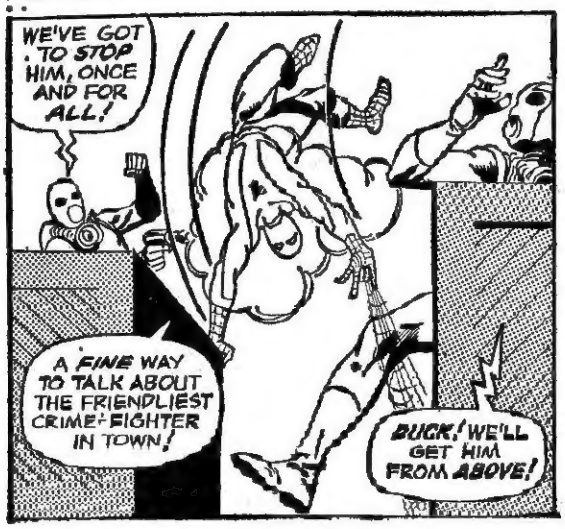
SPIDER-MAN! LUCKY I SAW YOU!

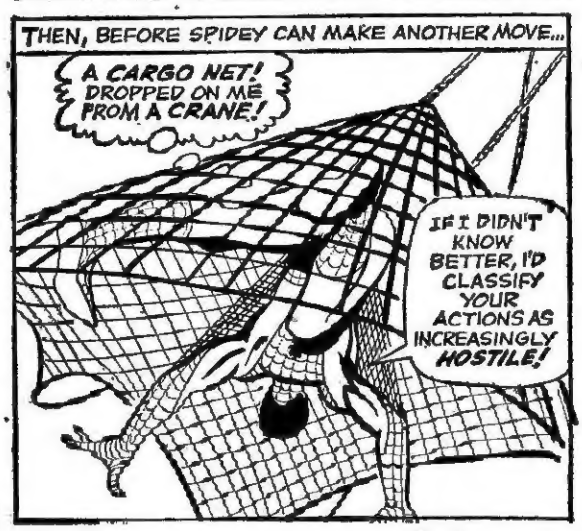
I NEED YOUR HELP!

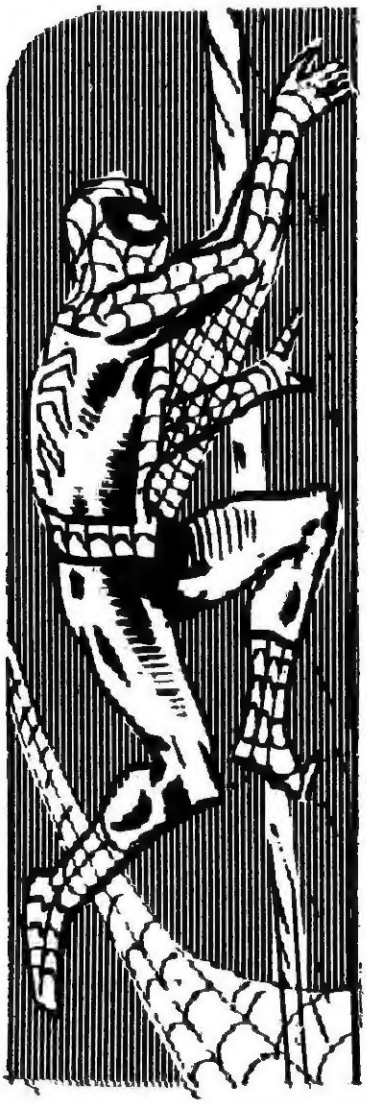
SORRY, MISTER! I'M FLAT BROKE MYSELF!
WAIT! THIS ISN'T A TOUCH! I THINK THERE'S GONNA BE A ROBBERY AT PIER SIX TONIGHT!
HAVEN'T ENOUGH EVIDENCE TO CONVINCE THE POLICE-- BUT YOU COULD CHECK ON IT!
IF MY TIP IS RIGHT, AND YOU CATCH 'EM--I WANT SOME CREDIT!
SURE! SURE! I'LL REMEMBER YOU IN MY WILL!
MIGHT AS WELL LOOK INTO IT! I'VE NOTHING TO LOSE!
AND, AT PIER SIX...
MOVE IN FAST AND SILENT!
USE YOUR SUCTION CUPS TO SCALE THE SHIP!
THE MASTER PLANNER NEVER SLIPS UP!
TAKE YOUR POSITIONS!
ATTACK AS ORDERED BY THE MASTER PLANNER!
USE GAS GUNS! NOW!
WE TOOK THEM COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE!
THE MASTER PLANNER WAS RIGHT! THERE'S ONLY A SKELETON CREW!
WE'LL BE GONE WITH OUR HAUL BEFORE THEY KNOW IT!
NOT IF I CAN HELP IT, GENTS!
MY LITTLE TIPSTER WAS RIGHT! GLAD I LISTENED TO HIM!
IT'S SPIDER-MAN AGAIN!
OUR NEW CONCENTRATED GAS WILL STOP YOU, INTERLOPER!
DON'T BET ON IT!
THEY DON'T REALIZE I'M PREPARED FOR THEM THIS TIME!
THE GAS DIDN'T WORK! SOMETHING'S WRONG--
UNHHHHHH!
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN, PLAYMATE! AND IT'LL BE A LOT WRONGER BEFORE I'M DONE WITH YOU!
THE ONE THING THE MASTER PLANNER DIDN'T COUNT ON! WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM SOMEHOW!
MEANWHILE, HIGH ABOVE THE FIGHTING TEEN-AGER...
NOW THAT I'VE GAINED CONTROL OF THE CARGO BOOM, I'LL USE IT TO FINISH OFF SPIDER-MAN!
BUT, THE MASKED CRIMINAL HAD RECKONED WITHOUT OUR HERO'S AMAZING SPIDER SENSE...!
SOMETHING SWINGING TOWARDS ME! I'LL JUST LEAP ABOARD FOR THE RIDE!
BLAST IT! HE'S USING IT TO BOWL OUR OWN MEN OVER LIKE TEN-PINS!
DON'T RUSH, BOYS! I'LL GET TO ALL OF YOU!

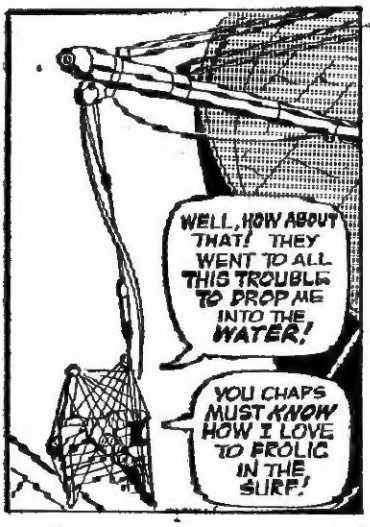

UH OH! THEY'RE TRYING TO DISPOSE OF THE EVIDENCE AGAIN BY DROPPING IT IN THE WATER!
HOLD IT, GROUP! WAIT FOR ME!

YOU'RE LIABLE TO DROP THOSE CRATES! BUT, THIS STICKY WEBBING WILL HOLD THEM FAST!
NO, DON'T THANK ME! IT'LL MAKE ME BLUSH!
WIP!

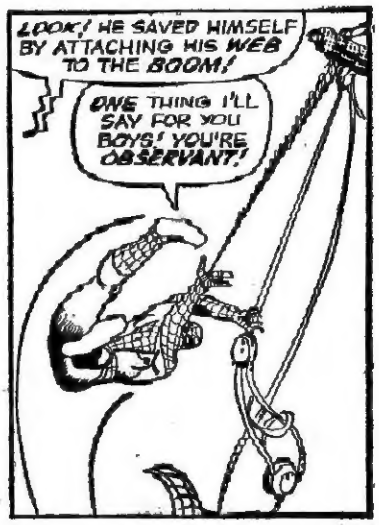

WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM, ONCE AND FOR ALL!
A FINE WAY TO TALK ABOUT THE FRIENDLIEST CRIME-FIGHTER IN TOWN!
DUCK! WE'LL GET HIM FROM ABOVE!

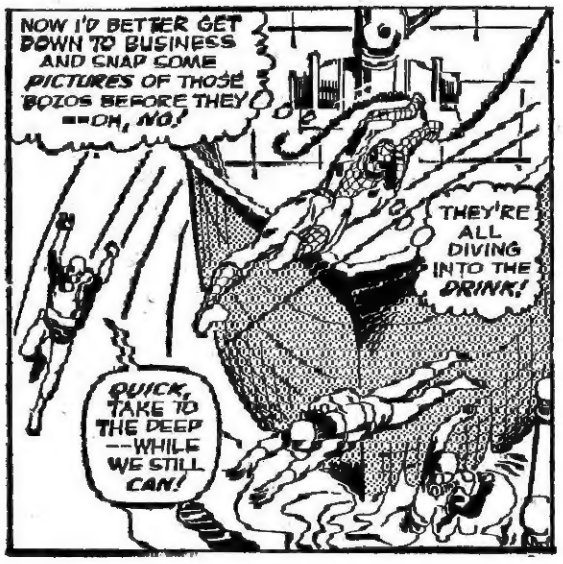

THEN, BEFORE SPIDEY CAN MAKE ANOTHER MOVE...
A CARGO NET! DROPPED ON ME FROM A CRANE!
IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, I'D CLASSIFY YOUR ACTIONS AS INCREASINGLY HOSTILE!

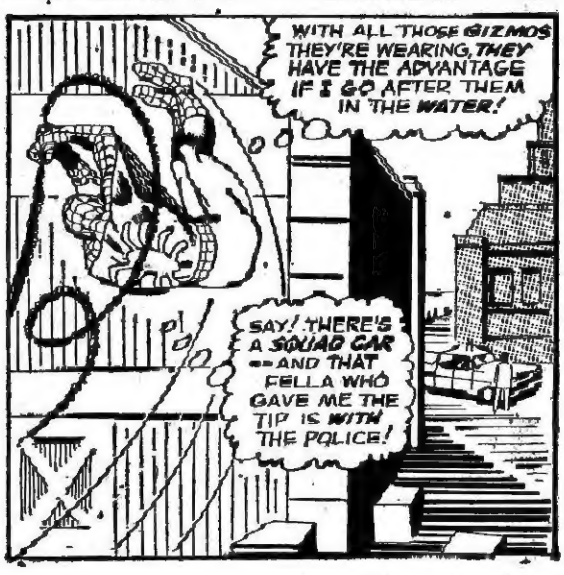



WELL, HOW ABOUT THAT! THEY WENT TO ALL THIS TROUBLE TO DROP ME INTO THE WATER!
YOU CHAPS MUST KNOW HOW I LOVE TO FROLIC IN THE SURF!

BUT, THOUGH I HATE TO SEEM UNGRATEFUL, I'VE SOME OTHER THINGS TO TEND TO, FIRST!
Klaaa!


LOOK! HE SAVED HIMSELF BY ATTACHING HIS WEB TO THE BOOM!
ONE THING I'LL SAY FOR YOU BOYS! YOU'RE OBSERVANT!


NOW I'D BETTER GET DOWN TO BUSINESS AND SNAP SOME PICTURES OF THOSE BOZOS BEFORE THEY --OH, NO!
THEY'RE ALL DIVING INTO THE DRINK!
QUICK, TAKE TO THE DEEP --WHILE WE STILL CAN!


WITH ALL THOSE GIZMOS THEY'RE WEARING, THEY HAVE THE ADVANTAGE IF I GO AFTER THEM IN THE WATER!
SAY! THERE'S A SQUAD CAR --AND THAT FELLA WHO GAVE ME THE TIP IS WITH THE POLICE!

YOU WERE RIGHT, PATCH! THERE WAS SOMETHING GOING ON HERE!

I'M SURE SPIDER-MAN WAS HERE --BUT THERE'S NO SIGN OF HIM NOW!

THESE DOCK WORKERS ARE JUST COMING TO!

I WONDER WHO HE IS -- AND HOW HE FIGURES IN ALL THIS?

WELL, IT LOOKS AS THOUGH ALL I GOT FOR MY PAINS WAS A LOT OF EXERCISE!

OKAY, PATCH--WE WON'T BE NEEDING YOU ANY MORE!

I SHOULD HAVE TRIED TO SNAP MY PICTURES SOONER! J. J. J. ISN'T ABOUT TO PAY ME ANYTHING FOR SOME SHOTS OF A DUMPY DOCK WITH A FEW POLICEMAN STANDING AROUND!

RATS! THIS JUST ISN'T MY WEEK!

THE ONLY GOOD THING THAT HAPPENED IS THAT I STOPPED THEM FROM STEALING WHAT-EVER THEY WERE AFTER...

...AND THE DEVICE I RIGGED UP TO OUTWIT THEIR GAS GUNS REALLY WORKED!

MY DRY CHEMICAL FILTER SUCCEEDED IN NEUTRALIZING THE GAS AND MAKING IT SAFE TO BREATHE!

I SURE AM GLAD I DECIDED TO STUDY SCIENCE -- WHAT WOULD I DO WITHOUT IT?

WELL, I CAN ALWAYS PAT MYSELF ON THE BACK LATER! RIGHT NOW, I'D BETTER START HUNTING FOR SOME MORE NEWS PHOTOS!

AND, IF I FIND ANY, I HOPE I REMEMBER TO SNAP 'EM NEXT TIME!

MEANWHILE, IN A FANTASTIC EDIFICE WHOSE PRESENCE UNDER THE RIVER IS STILL UNSUSPECTED BY ANY SAVE THE MASTER PLANNER'S MEN...

SPIDER-MAN'S INTERFERENCE HAS CAUSED ME TO LOSE PRECIOUS TIME! I COULD HAVE USED THAT SHIP'S CARGO FOR MY RESEARCH ON RADIATION EFFECTS!

IF MY RAY CONTINUES TO FUNCTION WELL AND I CAN UNLOCK THE HIDDEN SECRETS OF ATOMIC RADIATION, I SHALL BE ABLE TO RULE THE WORLD IN TIME!

AND, AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE LABORATORY WHERE MAY PARKER'S TESTS ARE BEING STUDIED...

ARE YOU CERTAIN? PERHAPS THERE HAS BEEN A MISTAKE!

NO! IT'S JUST WISHFUL THINKING ON YOUR PART!

BUT BEFORE WE TELL HER THE NEWS, RERUN THE TEST JUST ONCE MORE!

VERY WELL, BUT THE RESULTS ARE SURE TO BE THE SAME! ALL THE EVIDENCE POINTS TO THE SAME INESCAPABLE CONCLUSION...

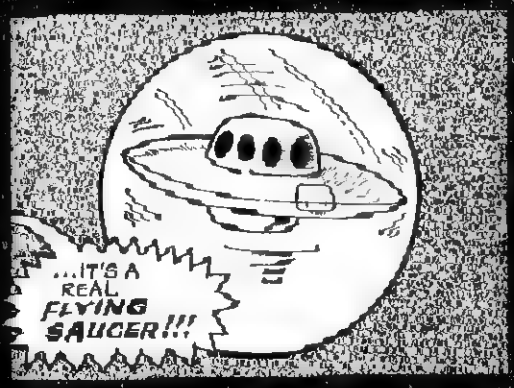
...THE POOR WOMAN CAN'T LAST MUCH LONGER!

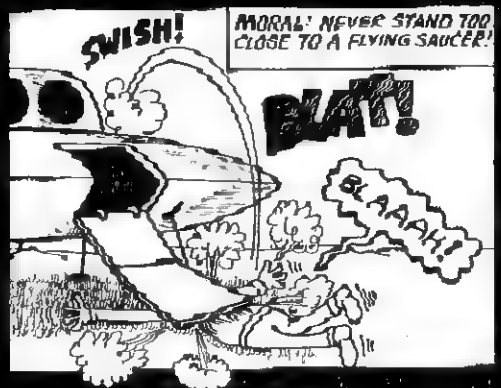
BUT, I SHALL TOLERATE NO FURTHER MEDDLING BY SPIDER-MAN, EVEN HE HAS NOT THE POWER TO STOP ME!

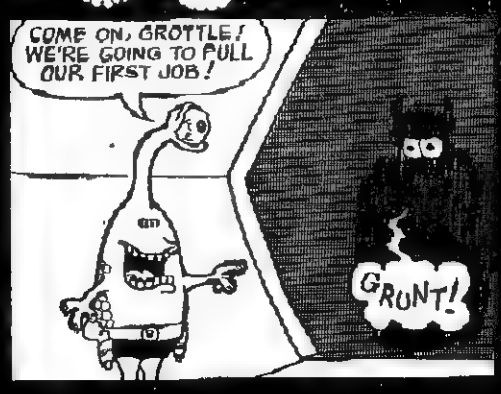
THOUGH HE AND I HAVE MET BEFORE, IF HE CROSSES MY PATH AGAIN, OUR NEXT ENCOUNTER WILL BE HIS LAST!

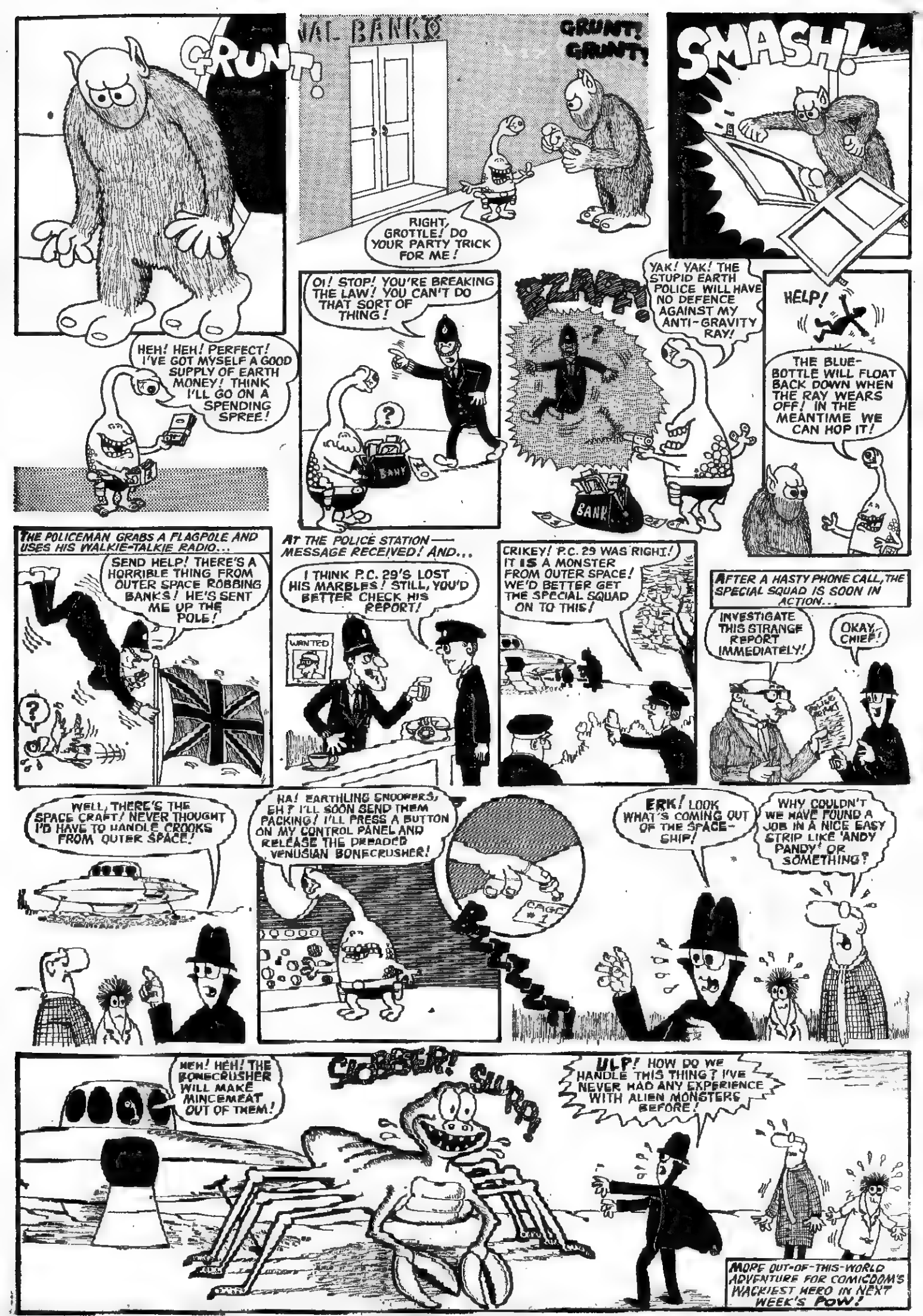
NEXT ISSUE: WE SHALL LEARN THE FATE OF PETER PARKER'S AUNT MAY, AS WELL AS THE IDENTITY OF --THE MASTER PLANNER! BECAUSE YOU'RE OUR KIND OF READER, WE OFFER THIS ADMONISHMENT--YOU MUST NOT MISS IT! WE'RE SAID!

THE CLOAK VS. The THING FROM OUTER SPACE!








GRUNT!
HEH! HEH! PERFECT! I'VE GOT MYSELF A GOOD SUPPLY OF EARTH MONEY! THINK I'LL GO ON A SPENDING SPREE!
NAT. BANK
GRUNT! GRUNT!
RIGHT, GROTTLE! DO YOUR PARTY TRICK FOR ME!
SMASH!
OI! STOP! YOU'RE BREAKING THE LAW! YOU CAN'T DO THAT SORT OF THING!
BANK
YAK! YAK! THE STUPID EARTH POLICE WILL HAVE NO DEFENCE AGAINST MY ANTI-GRAVITY RAY!
BANK
HELP!
THE BLUE-BOTTLE WILL FLOAT BACK DOWN WHEN THE RAY WEARS OFF! IN THE MEANTIME WE CAN HOP IT!
THE POLICEMAN GRABS A FLAGPOLE AND USES HIS WALKIE-TALKIE RADIO...
SEND HELP! THERE'S A HORRIBLE THING FROM OUTER SPACE ROBBING BANKS! HE'S SENT ME UP THE POLE!
AT THE POLICE STATION — MESSAGE RECEIVED! AND...
I THINK P.C. 29'S LOST HIS MARBLES! STILL, YOU'D BETTER CHECK HIS REPORT!
WANTED
CRIKEY! P.C. 29 WAS RIGHT! IT IS A MONSTER FROM OUTER SPACE! WE'D BETTER GET THE SPECIAL SQUAD ON TO THIS!
AFTER A HASTY PHONE CALL, THE SPECIAL SQUAD IS SOON IN ACTION...
INVESTIGATE THIS STRANGE REPORT IMMEDIATELY!
OKAY, CHIEF!
WELL, THERE'S THE SPACE CRAFT! NEVER THOUGHT I'D HAVE TO HANDLE CROOKS FROM OUTER SPACE!
HA! EARTHLING SNOOPERS, EH? I'LL SOON SEND THEM PACKING! I'LL PRESS A BUTTON ON MY CONTROL PANEL AND RELEASE THE DREADED VENUSIAN BONECRUSHER!
CRACK #1
ERK! LOOK WHAT'S COMING OUT OF THE SPACE-SHIP!
WHY COULDN'T WE HAVE FOUND A JOB IN A NICE EASY STRIP LIKE 'ANDY PANDY' OR SOMETHING?
HEH! HEH! THE BONECRUSHER WILL MAKE MINCEMEAT OUT OF THEM!
SLOSH! SLURP!
ULP! HOW DO WE HANDLE THIS THING? I'VE NEVER HAD ANY EXPERIENCE WITH ALIEN MONSTERS BEFORE!
MORE OUT-OF-THIS-WORLD ADVENTURE FOR COMICOOM'S WACKIEST HERO IN NEXT WEEK'S POW!

THE TWO FACES OF JANUS

REPORTER CLIFF ADAM HAS TO HIDE THE EVIL FACE A WITCH DOCTOR CURSED UPON HIM UNDER FILM MASKS. AS JANUS HIS EVIL FEATURES MAKE HIM A SUSPECT FOR MANY CRIMES. IN PARIS A CRIMINAL CALLED THE ARTIST HAS KIDNAPPED A REAL ARTIST, THE WEALTHY MILANDO, BUT—AS JANUS—CLIFF GOES TO THE RESCUE. HE AND MILANDO ARE TRAPPED ON A ROOF BY THE ARTIST'S GANG. A POLICEMAN HAS SEEN JANUS HOWEVER AND GOES FOR REINFORCEMENTS. . .

DISTRACTED BY THE STRUGGLE, MILANDO DOES NOT SEE THE BLOW COMING, UNTIL...
IT IS TIME JANUS DISAPPEARED! BUT YOU, MY FRIEND, MAY NOT SEE WHERE HE GOES!
UUUUHHH!

FROM HIS POCKET JANUS TAKES A FILM MASK...
FOR NO-ONE IN THIS WORLD MUST KNOW THAT JANUS...

AND PRESSES IT TO HIS FACE...
... IS ONE AND THE SAME PERSON AS CLIFF ADAM!

IT TAKES ONLY MOMENTS TO HIDE HIS JANUS CLOTHING, THEN...
POLICE! OVER HERE! THE ARTIST IS TRYING TO MAKE A GETAWAY!
YOU! THE ENGLISH NEWSPAPERMAN!

HOW DID YOU GET HERE? UUUUUUHHHH!
A GOOD QUESTION, ARTIST. BUT ONE I DO NOT INTEND TO ANSWER!

THE NEXT DAY, CLIFF, HIS EDITOR, ANGUS ROSS, AND NEWS PHOTOGRAPHER BETTY MAIR ARE AGAIN IN THE OFFICE OF POLICE INSPECTOR LECLERC...
ONCE AGAIN I FAIL TO SEE HOW IT IS THAT YOU CAN ALWAYS FIND THIS JANUS...WHEN NO-ONE ELSE CAN!
SORRY I CAN'T TELL YOU, INSPECTOR. I MUST HAVE A BUILT-IN RADAR FOR JANUS—OR SOMETHING!

BUT AS YOU HAVE SOMEHOW GOT MIXED UP IN THIS...AS YOU WERE IN SOME WAY INSTRUMENTAL IN ROUNDING UP THIS GANG... AND RESCUING MONSIEUR MILANDO...THEN I'LL DROP ALL CHARGES AGAINST YOU!

BETTY MAIR DOESN'T KNOW WHETHER TO BE OVERJOYED OR OTHERWISE...
I FOLLOWED JANUS TO THAT HIDEOUT...BUT YOU MUST HAVE KNOWN ABOUT IT ALL THE TIME! WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME, CLIFF? JUST TELL ME!
I CAN'T, BETTY! NOT YOU OR ANYONE!

AND ANGUS ROSS, EDITOR OF THE BANNER, HAS SIMILAR FEELINGS...
ALL RIGHT—WE HAVE A GREAT STORY, CLIFF! BUT HOW COME YOU GOT THE ARTIST AND LET JANUS GET AWAY? YOU TELL ME THAT!
AND THAT'S SOMETHING ELSE THAT NO-ONE BUT ME WILL EVER KNOW!
NEXT—THE MENACE OF CHU SUN!

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE
LONDON W.C.2.

YOU AND SOCCER AND FANTASTIC! Next week, these three together! All the result of us having a garret-style brain-bashing session in which someone came up with the idea that as football is becoming more and more popular we can surely reckon on THE MAJORITY of you Frantic Ones out there being soccer fans! Sooooo . . . we genuised up a FANTASTIC BOOK OF SOCCER STARS! Containing photos, signatures, biographies and team badges of TWENTY TOP PLAYERS!

Next week FANTASTIC will include the FIRST FOUR PAGES of this great booklet. The following week's FANTASTIC will contain another four pages . . . and so on, until your collectors'-item FANTASTIC BOOK OF SOCCER STARS is complete!

All for absolutely no-cash FREE! All you need to do is MAKE SURE you don't miss a single vital issue of the world's greatest super-hero weekly . . . and that's no hardship, right?!

AND STILL ON THE SUBJECT OF FANTASTIC . . . we've already started a couple of bright new features. We're now including a special garret-got-up POWER-HOUSE CROSSWORD! The reason? Well, you'd be surprised how many of your letters ASK for same! And as we are told that crosswords are ALL THE RAGE right now, we just had to have one for YOU! And you'll also find a "SPOT-THE-BOOB" new feature in FANTASTIC! Means just what it says. Every week we make a DELIBERATE boob on one of the pictures (deliberate! not the kind we usually make!) PLUS (should any of you need it) a rhyming clue to help you solve the mystery.

No prizes for these two new competitions features in FANTASTIC. They're just there for your FUN! So if you want to join . . . get FANTASTIC. Have a go! For if what Our Wise Old Feller said a couple of weeks back . . . that "all life's a competition! . . ." then you should be right in there . . . SWINGING!

AND SPEAKING OF POSER-PULVERISING . . . brings us to the subject of who's clobbering WHO *this week! And that brings us right back to FANTASTIC again! Because in this week's issue there is a truly titanic tussle between THE HULK and SUB-MARINER! Maybe even the most action-ful episode ever to appear in Power! And that's just another reason to get FANTASTIC* this week! *'Cause, tigers . . . it's a KNOCKOUT!*

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE...

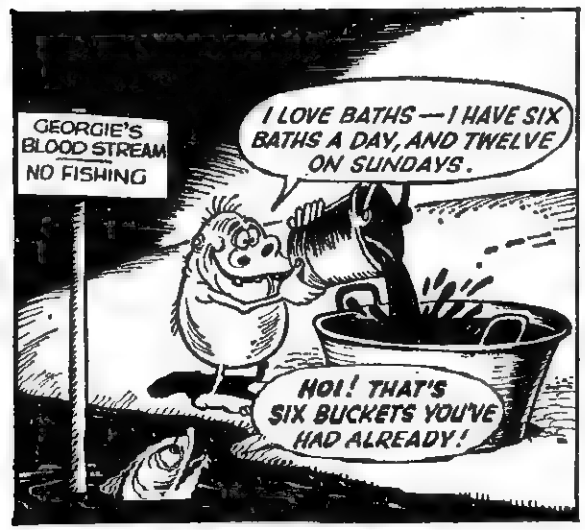
Stephen Wood, Bootle, Liverpool 20, Lancs.; Stephen Miller, Bensham, Gateshead 8; James Dunnett, Caithness, Scotland; Michael Brider, Cardiff, Glam.; Stuart Clarke, Gainsborough; Robert Labdon, Dagenham, Essex; Gary Marriner, Swindon, Wilts.; David Furber, Kingswood, Bristol; Michael Webb, Westcliff, Essex; Paul Cole, Launceston, Cornwall; Roland Shaw, Zambia, Central Africa; Susan Long, Stanford-le-Hope, Essex; Gareth Sayer, Wrexham, Denbighshire; Adrian Stevens, Westbrook, Kent; Terry Sayers, Tottenham, London N.17; Tony Fowler, Dovercourt, Essex; Nicholas Linfield, West Chiltington, Pulborough; Keith Bushnell, Rugeley, Staffs.; M. Akram, Darnall, Sheffield 9; Amanda Cliff, Kenya, Africa.

SOMETHING UNFORESEEN IS ALWAYS HAPPENING WHEN HE'S AROUND! —

WIZARD PRANG DEMON DRUID IN WIZ WAR!

— HE SPELLS TROUBLE FOR JUST ABOUT EVERYONE!

GEORGIE'S GERMS


GEORGIE'S BLOOD STREAM NO FISHING
I LOVE BATHS — I HAVE SIX BATHS A DAY, AND TWELVE ON SUNDAYS.
NO! THAT'S SIX BUCKETS YOU'VE HAD ALREADY!

THAT'S ENOUGH! IF YOU TAKE ANY MORE, THERE'LL BE HARDLY ANY BLOOD LEFT IN GEORGIE'S BLOODSTREAM!
GET LOST! — THERE'S GALLONS OF THE STUFF!

SEE THAT? IT'S DROPPED AN INCH ALREADY THIS WEEK — IT'S BELOW DANGER LEVEL!
HUH! — GEORGIE ISN'T COMPLAINING!

BUT GEORGIE'S MUM IS!!!
DEAR! DEAR! YOU DO LOOK PALE, GEORGIE! I'D BETTER GET YOU TO A DOCTOR!
AW, MUM!

HMMM — HE HASN'T GOT ENOUGH BLOOD —

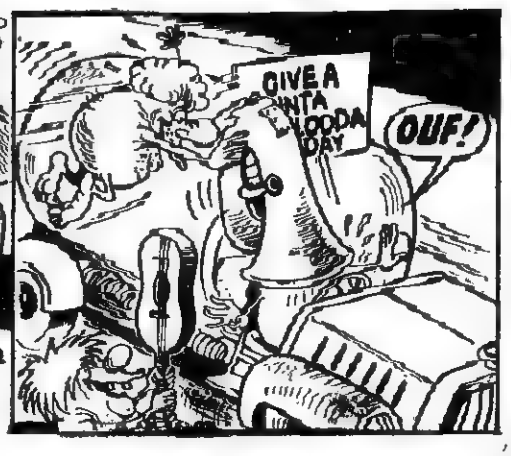
— I'LL GIVE YOU A BLOOD TRANSFUSION. THAT WILL SOON FILL YOU FULL OF BEANS!
COR! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU GOT BEANS FROM BLOOD!

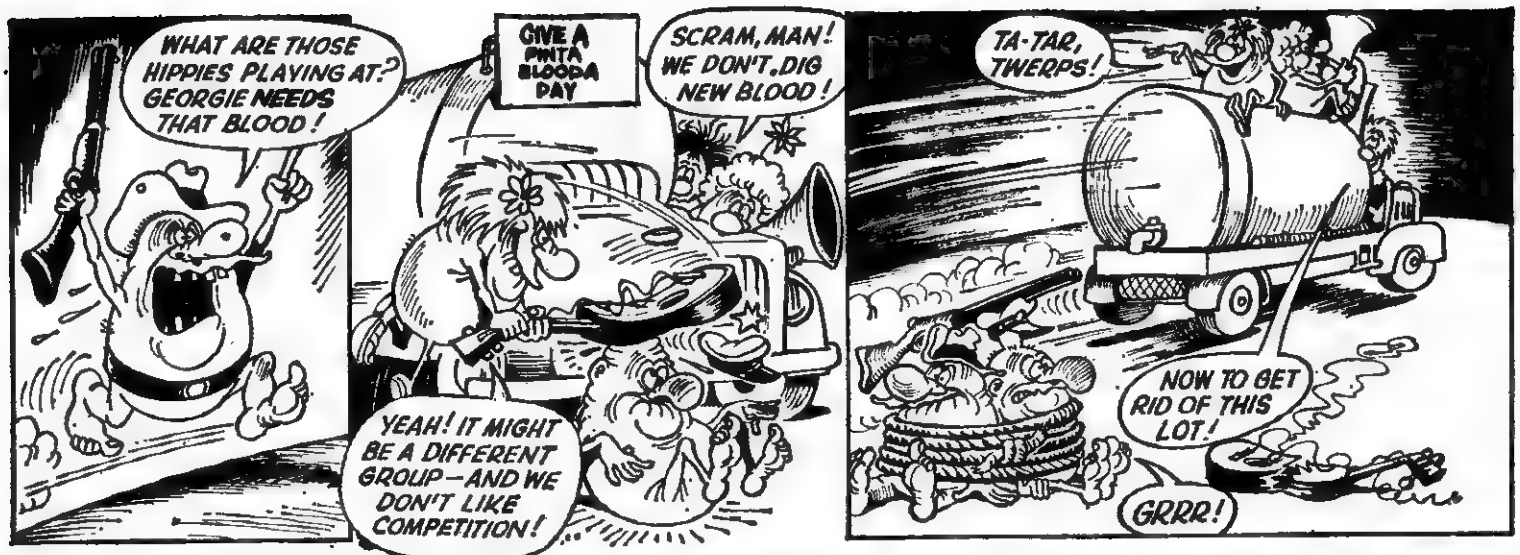
RIGHT! I'VE GOT TO GET THIS LOAD INTO GEORGIE'S BLOODSTREAM AS SOON AS I CAN!
GIVE A PINTA BLOODA DAY
ERK!

HEY! WE DON'T WANT SOMEONE ELSE'S BLOOD IN OUR STREAM — IT MIGHT SPOIL THE FISHING!

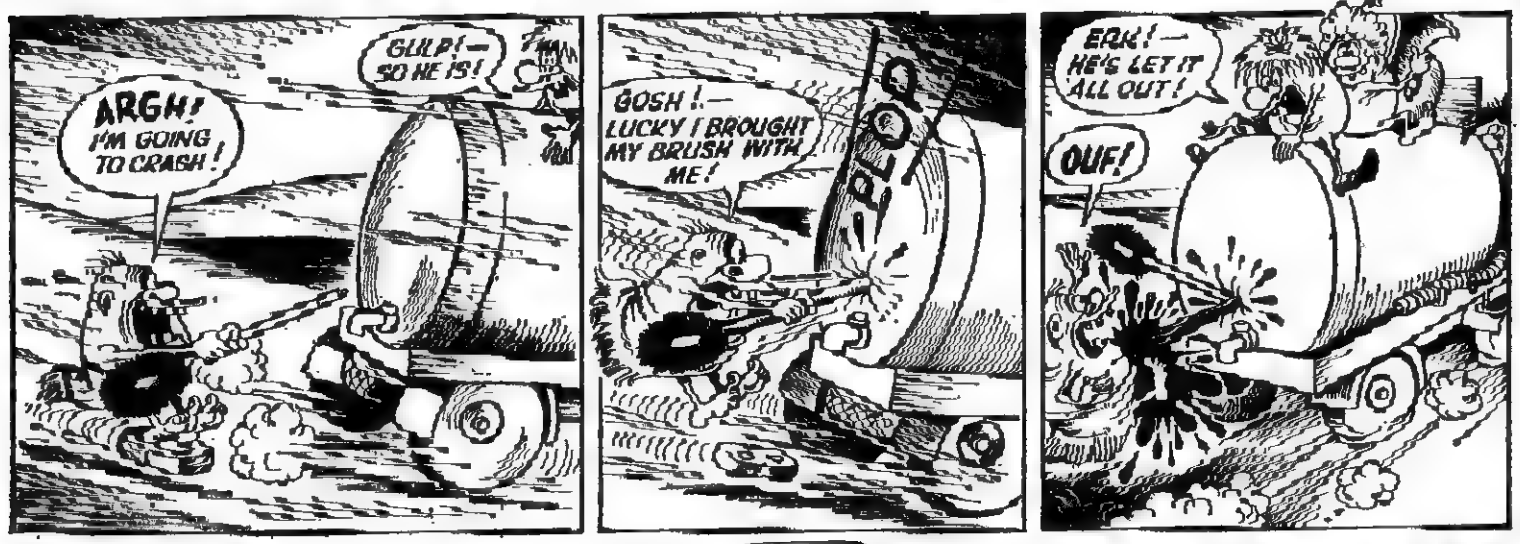
I'LL GET THE BLOOD GROUP TO GIVE ME A HAND TO STOP THAT TRANSFUSION TRANSPORT TWERP!

LEAVE IT TO ME, MAN — I'LL SHUT OUT HIS DAYLIGHT WITH MY OOMPAH!
THANKS, PAL!


GIVE A PINTA BLOODA DAY
OUF!


WHAT ARE THOSE HIPPIES PLAYING AT? GEORGIE NEEDS THAT BLOOD!
GIVE A PINTA BLOODA DAY
SCRAM, MAN! WE DON'T DIG NEW BLOOD!
YEAH! IT MIGHT BE A DIFFERENT GROUP—AND WE DON'T LIKE COMPETITION!
TA-TAR, TWERPS!
NOW TO GET RID OF THIS LOT!
GRRR!

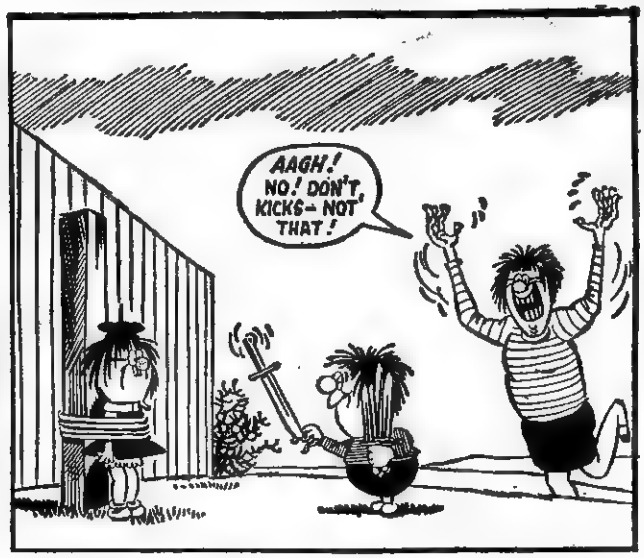
SUFFERING SOAP-SUDS! THOSE HIPPY NITS HAVE NICKED MY NEW BATH WATER!
STOP, THIEVES!
GUESS WHAT?—I STOOD ON THE SOAP! GULP!
WHEE


ARGH! I'M GOING TO CRASH!
GULP!—SO HE IS!
GOSH!—LUCKY I BROUGHT MY BRUSH WITH ME!
PLOP
ERK!—HE'S LET IT ALL OUT!
OUF!

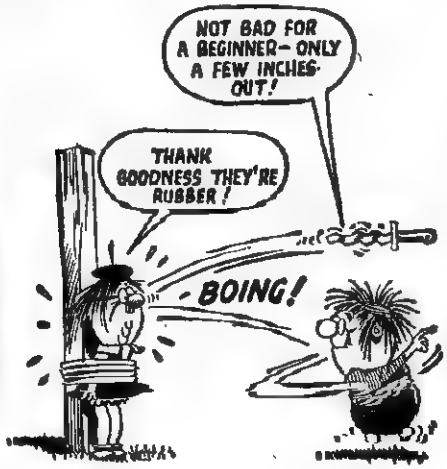
GOSH! LOOK WHERE IT'S TAKING ME—I'M GOING TO HAVE A SMASHING BATH!
WHOOSH!
THERE! THE COLOUR IS BACK IN YOUR CHEEKS ALREADY—THAT INJECTION DID THE TRICK!
GEORGIE'S BLOODSTREAM
NO BATHING
RIGHT ..... NAME AND ADDRESS. CAN'T YOU READ?
AIN'T THERE NO GRATITUDE?!

KICKS

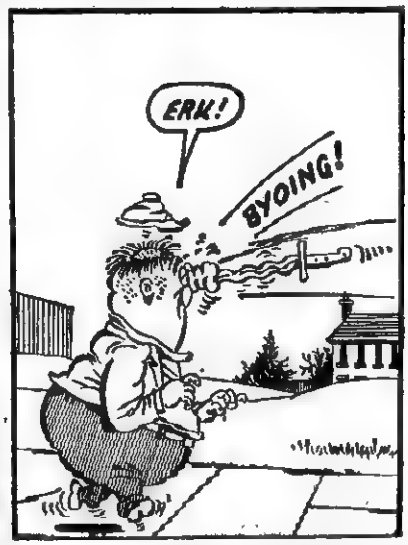
OOH! I COULD HAVE FUN DOING THAT!
See the fabulous BOWIE TWINS
ALL THIS WEEK


AAGH! NO! DON'T, KICKS— NOT THAT!

HUH! I WASN'T GOING TO HURT HER— THESE ARE RUBBER KNIVES, MUM!
PHEW! FOR ONE HORRIBLE MOMENT!


NOT BAD FOR A BEGINNER— ONLY A FEW INCHES OUT!
THANK GOODNESS THEY'RE RUBBER!
BOING!

OY! ME EARHOLE! WAA-AAH!
BYOING!


ERK!
BYOING!

GRR! WHY DIDN'T YOU CATCH IT, YOU TWERP?
BYOING!

WAA-AAH! MY CANDY FLOSS!

BYOING!
GRR! IT'S DONE AN ABOUT TURN— I'LL NEVER CATCH IT!
EH! MY BONCE HAS BEEN BOINGED!

OH, NO! GULP!
GRR! IS THIS SOME TWERP'S IDEA OF A JOKE, MICHAEL?
IF IT IS I'LL BE KNOCKING THE SMILE OFF HIS FACE!
BOING!
BOING!
BOING!

ER, EXCUSE ME! THIS IS MINE!
GRR! IT'S KICKS! WE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN!

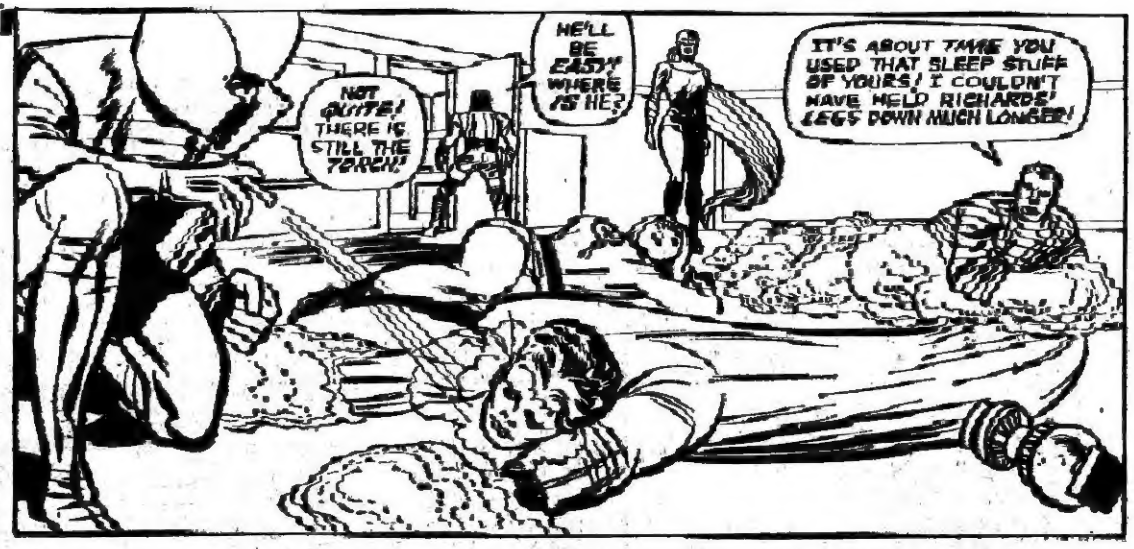
G-GULP! AND I THOUGHT RUBBER KNIVES WERE SAFE!

GRR! IT'S A RUBBER TRUNCHEON YOU'LL BE GETTING!
HELP! HELP!
I DON'T THINK KICKS WILL WANT TO PLAY THAT GAME ANY MORE!

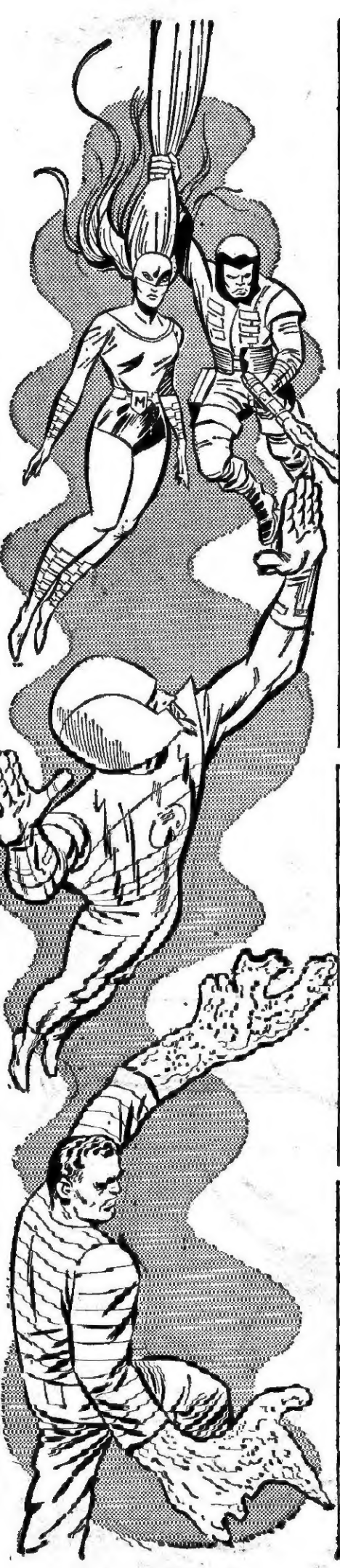
The Fantastic Four

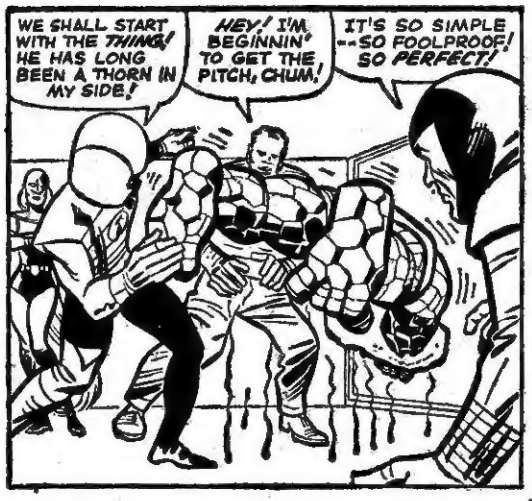
Now THEY FACE THE ATTACK OF THE EVIL F.F.... "THE FRIGHTFUL FOUR!"

A QUARTETTE OF MALEVOLENCE, COMPRISING THE SANDMAN, PASTE-POT PETE AND MEDUSA, LED BY THE WIZARD, IS MOPPING UP AT F.F. HEADQUARTERS. REED, SUE AND THE THING FALL VICTIMS TO THEIR UNEXPECTED ATTACK... AND THE VILLAINOUS VICTORS GROW OVER THEIR SEEMINGLY EASY TRIUMPH...



Reg. T.M. & © Marvel Comics Group 1965




WE SHALL START WITH THE THING! HE HAS LONG BEEN A THORN IN MY SIDE!
HEY! I'M BEGINNIN' TO GET THE PITCH, CHUM!
IT'S SO SIMPLE --SO FOOLPROOF! SO PERFECT!

MEANWHILE, SILENTLY HIDING IN THE KITCHEN, WE FIND...
SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAS HAPPENED IN THERE--I KNOW IT! IF ONLY I COULD HELP!
THEY HAVE RISKED THEIR LIVES SO MANY TIMES TO AID ME! SURELY I CAN DO NO LESS FOR THEM!

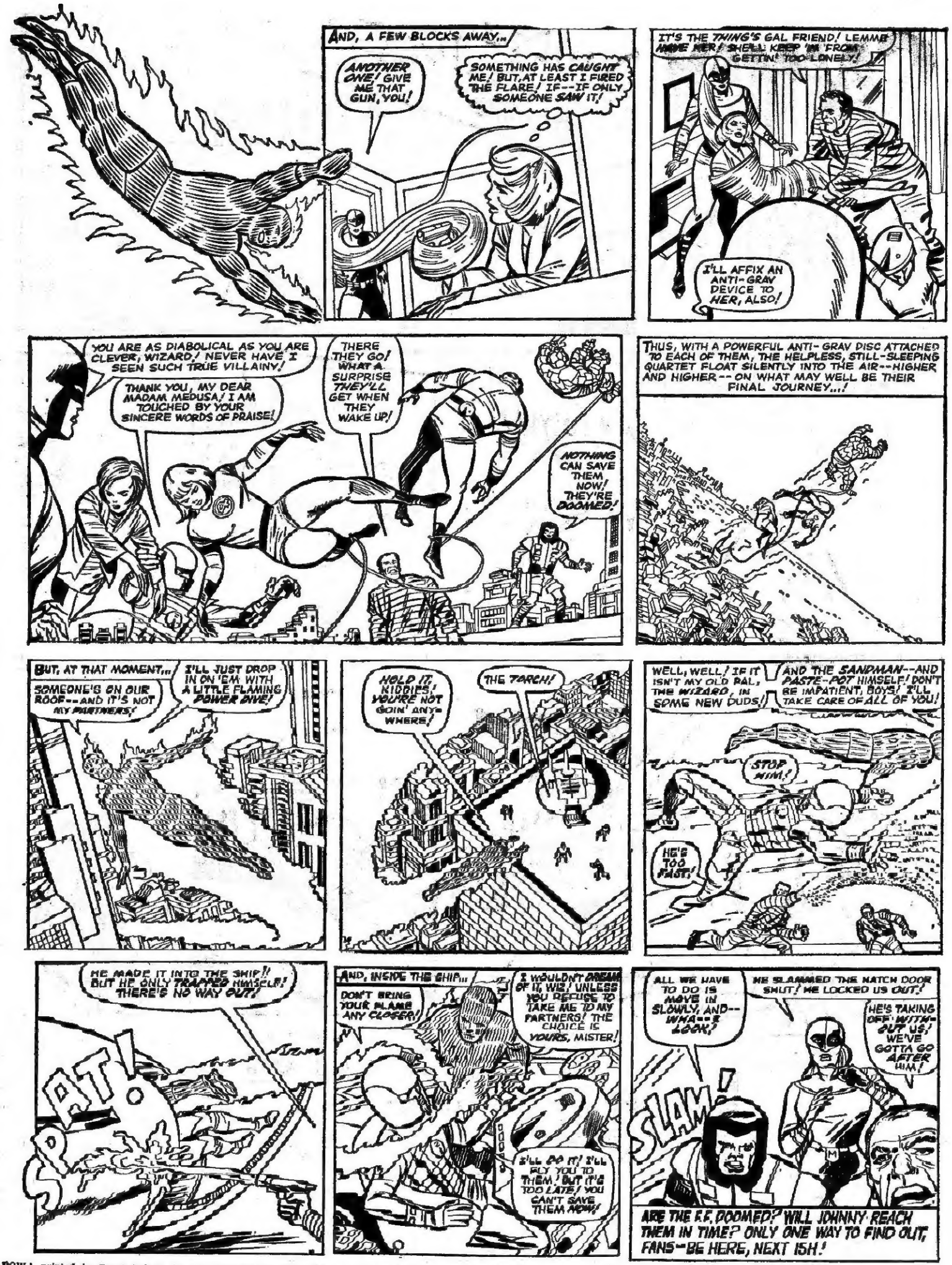
SLOWLY, STEADILY, WITH THE UNERRING INSTINCTS OF THE SIGHTLESS, ALICIA STEALS TO THE SIDE OF THE FALLEN SUE STORM...
I'VE FOUND HER! IF MY LUCK WILL JUST HOLD OUT A LITTLE LONGER!
THIS IS THE BELT COMPARTMENT WHERE SHE KEEPS HER FLARE GUN!

THEN, RELYING ON TOUCH ALONE, AS WHEN SHE SCULPTS THE LOVELY STATUES FOR WHICH SHE IS RENOWNED, THE BLIND BEAUTY PUTS THE FLATTENED SECTIONS OF THE SIGNAL DEVICE TOGETHER IN SECONDS!
I MUSTN'T FAIL! I CAN'T LET THEM DOWN!

AT THAT MOMENT, IN A NEIGHBOURHOOD GARAGE, A SCANT FEW BLOCKS AWAY...
SHE'S A REAL BOMB, EH, JOHNNY?
DON'T BREATHE TOO HARD ON THAT ALUMINIUM ENGINE, TORCH! I JUST SPENT ALL MORNING POLISHING IT!
WELL, SHE'S NO FANTASTI-CAR, STEVE, BUT I GUESS SHE'LL TAKE YOU WHERE YOU WANT TO GO!
LISTEN, HOW ABOUT ME BRINGIN' MY LITTLE STING-RAY OVER! I WANT TO SHOW YOU SOME MODIFICATIONS I MADE ON THE FUEL INJECTION SYSTEM! AND I WANT TO WATCH YOUR EYES POP WHEN I START TO REV UP MY LITTLE FOUR-WHEELED FIRE CRACKER!

LOOK, JOHNNY! IS SOMEONE TRYIN' TO IMITATE YOUR F. F. SIGNAL?!
HUH? WHERE? HEY! THAT'S NO IMITATION! THAT'S OUR RED DANGER FLARE!

ANY-THING WE CAN DO, FELLA?
YEAH! SAY A PRAYER FOR WHOEVER I'M GONNA HAVE TO LIGHT! I'LL MOW 'IM DOWN FOR TAKING ME AWAY FROM THAT DREAM-BOAT!
FLAME ON!
WOWEEE! WHAT A TAKE-OFF!



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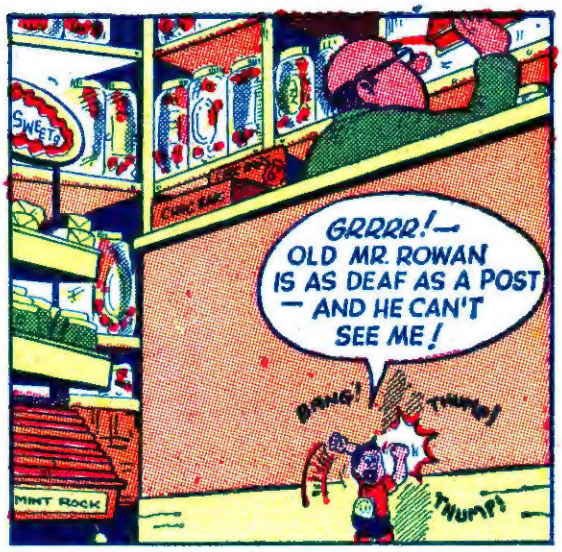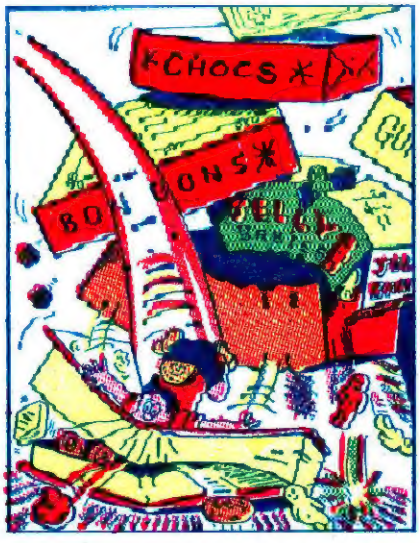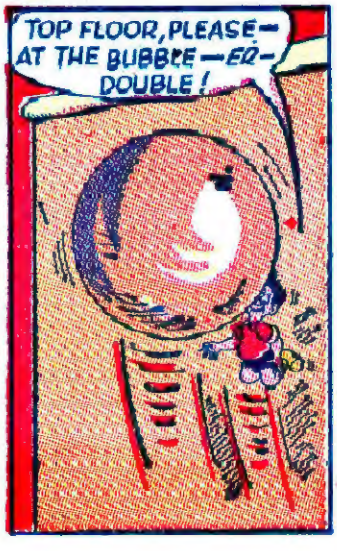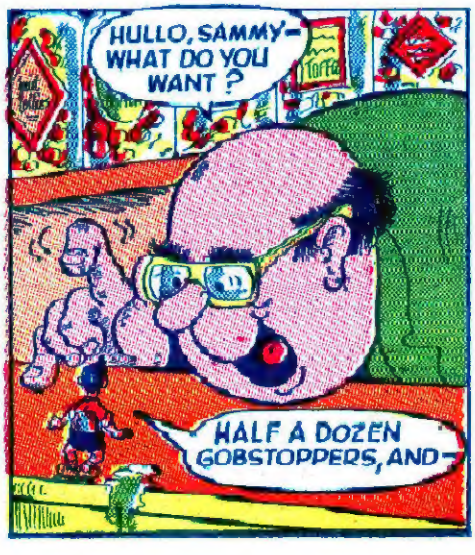
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